A Worker's Prayer.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought to let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

Oh, lead me Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

Oh, teach me Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh, give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh, fill me with thy fullness Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell thy praise to show.

Oh, use me, Lord—use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when and where,
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

—FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Heavenly Food.

A SERMON BY E. MASON.

The Golden pot that had manna. Heb. 9 : 4.

The temple at Jerusalem was the national museum of the Jews. In it was kept all that was dear to the Lord's chosen people. This characteristic of preserving for future generations, some relics that remind us of the past is not confined to the Jews. We find this a general custom among all nations. I doubt whether there is a nation, no matter how savage or uncultivated, that does not sacredly preserve among them some mementoes of the past. Whether these relics be kept in the grand palace museums of London, Washington, Paris or Berlin, in the wigwam of the North America Indian, the humble hut of the South sea Islander, or the peculiar structures of the prehistoric Mound builders, the principle and object. is the same.

Indeed, we find this principle existing in families. Who is their among us that have not some relics or mementos that remind us of the past? We all have our museums. It may be a bureau drawer or a cupboard, but in it is cherished that which brings to our memory some important event in the history of the family. It may be but a tiny pair of shoes, a lock of hair, or a little toy, and while we look at them there surges through the heart memories of a past joy or blighted hope.

So here in the temple at Jerusalem were cherished relics that reminded the Jews of a glorious past. When we consider of what these consisted, it is no wonder that they were so sacredly kept. The context tells us that amongst the mementos was to be found the Ark of the Covenant. What a great history clustered around this Ark. It reminded them of God's peculiar *guidance*.

As they looked upon the Ark of the Covenant, they remembered how it was carried before them in all of their wanderings; and that as they followed, the Lord's blessing was with them. When they were on the brink of Jordan, while the dark and turbulent waters rolled between them and the Promised land, as a barrier to the consummation of their hope, they remembered that the priests who bore the Ark were commanded to advance, and as soon as the soles of their feet touched the water, the river divided, and became a wall on the right hand, and a wall on the left, and the people of Israel were permitted to go across dryshod. It reminded them, too, of the capture of Jericho, of the many victories that crowned their efforts as long as the Ark was borne before them. It was truly a type of Jehovah's guidance.

Then again we find that Aaron's rod was among the relics. While the Ark of the Covenant reminded them of God's guidance, so did Aaron's rod remind them of his *power*. They remembered the mighty wonders that were performed by the Lord in the land of Egypt. In the hands of Moses and Aaron it became the symbol of God's power. When it was extended how terrible was the result! The waters of Egypt were turned into blood. The lice and hail and locusts and darkness and death filled the land. After they were permitted to leave their bondage, and they came to the Red Sea, and the armies and chariots of Pharaoh were heard in close pursuit, the rod was again extended and a way was opened through the sea. That which became the highway of liberty to the Israelites became the grave of their enemies. It is no wonder then that this rod was preserved as a memento of the Lord's power.

Then comes our text, the Golden pot that had the Manna. As the Ark was a symbol of the Lord's power and Aaron's rod a memento of his power, so the manna reminded them of the Lord's *providence*. For forty years while wandering through the wilderness from Egypt to Canaan, being unable to plow and sow and reap, the Lord gave them manna from heaven. Thus he miraculously provided for them through the desert.

This manna had a higher signification. Hear what the Lord says: "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever." This gives it a broader, deeper meaning than the one I have just mentioned. The Lord presents it as a type of himself and the salvation he brought to fallen humanity. The types and Ante-types of Scripture fit and dovetail into each other so peculiarly, that it is worth our while to investigate them. The more we investigate and the deeper we dig, the greater will be the blessing and the grander the truths that we will unearth.

First we will call your attention to the nature of the manna. It was small in its appearance—small as coriander seed. This typifies the insignificant appearance of this salvation and its Founder at the beginning. That little manger cradle at Bethlehem contained but a babe. When the tyrant Herod issued his murderous proclamation that all the children from two years old and under should be massacred, on what a slender thread this system of Christianity hung! But the cruel edict was issued in vain, for behind Mary and the child Jesus in their humble resting place were the armies of heaven. To whom did the Lord entrust the important duty of converting and revolutionizing the world? Twelve illiterate disciples who were gathered from the most despised and obscure province of Palestine. Yet under the blessing of God, and with the powers of heaven behind it, this grand system has grown until its power is felt all over the world.

Then, too, we are told this manna was round, symbolizing the completeness and perfection of this divine salvation. Its color also means something, it was white "like hoar frost," signifying its spotless purity. Then its taste we are told was sweet, "like wafers made with honey." All those who have tasted of the joy of salvation will testify of its sweetness.

In the second place, we call attention to the manner in which it was given. It was given freely. We can hardly imagine those old Israelites picking up their baskets, and hunting up their pocket books, and then going to buy one or two shekels' worth according to the size of the family. No it was free. So is salvation. Like the air we breath, and the water we drink, and in fact every gift we get from God, it is free. Man alone demands pay for his benefits. God's are always "without money and without price."

It was given as long as it was needed. So long as the old Jew's were wandering through the wilderness on their way to Canaan, so long was the manna showered for them. But when they crossed the Jordan into the promised land, the supply was stopped. So is this salvation showered upon us through the wilderness of this life but when we cross the Jordan of death and enter into the great eternity beyond, the supply will be stopped. We have no promise of salvation beyond death. "Now is the day of salvation."

Again we are told how it is to be gathered. It is to be gathered *daily*. When ever any attempted to gather more than was sufficent for a day, it became useless for food. How many of us fail to learn this lesson! We think that we can gather enough of this bread of life in one short hour or one day to last us all the week. No wonder we see so many shrivelled and dwarfed souls, it is because they are not fed well enough. A man will take three meals a day, to enable him to perform his daily toil. But a Christian will eat one stingy meal once a week, and then expect that to nourish his soul so that it will grow and develop. We come to church on Sunday and doze and nod through the service and then when we go out, we say to religion, "You stay here until I return next Sunday." And then he goes out into the world, and it is impossible for anyone to see any difference between him and any other sinner. What a delusion! Let us take our spiritual meals daily.

It must be gathered early. What a grand thought! Let us lead our children into the church. I thank God that we live in a day when we can open the doors of the church to our children. As soon as our children have reached the years of accountability, and are able to distinguish between right and wrong, they are old enough to come into the service of the Lord. Forbid them not brethren. Give the little ones a hearty welcome, and let them early in life have the protection and the privileges of religion.

Then this manna was not showered everywhere. There was a particular place where it was to be found. This was around the camp. So is salvation today to be found around the camp of Israel—in the church. This is the only place that we are promised salvation. Those who are anxious for this heavenly manna, we invite you to come and gather it within the camp of the spiritual Israel.

We shall call your attention to the manner how this manna was to be used. It was not intended for an ornament, merely to be seen and admired. How silly would the conduct of the Israelites be, if they would take this manna and place it on a centre table in their tent, cover it over with a nice cloth, and then call the attention of their neighbors to its beauty and say, "See how beautiful and white and round it is!" They gathered it so that they could feed on it, and gain strength for the journey of life. How many of professing Christians endeavor to make religion an ornament! They act as if religion had no higher purpose than to be ornamental and to be admired. We put it on a velvet cushion and then parade it before our neighbors, and say, "See how grand and beautiful is my religion!" Such people take more care to make it imposing than to make it useful. Brethren this bread of life must be eaten. It must get into our nature and become part of our being.

Some of us make a mistake in what we eat. We swallow down the *facts* of the Bible and refuse the great principles and truths that are to nourish the soul. We are very particular to cling to the forms, while the principles are rejected. Many a man can tell us much about the incidents and narratives of the Bible that are strangers to its principles and virtues. It reminds me of the old Indian chief that came to a physician for relief. The man of medicine wrote him out a prescription and told him to go home and take that as soon as possible. The next day the doctor met his patient and asked him how he was. He said he was no better. He was asked whether he had taken what he had given him. He replied he had gone straight home, rolled it up into a pill, and taken it immediately. It turned out that he had in his ignorance *taken the prescription* and not the medicine. How many are doing the same religiously—swallowing down the prescription for the medicine. The prescription is not the medicine. We must put on Christ. Clinging to the forms of religion is not enough. We want to have our souls and lives inoculated with the truths the Lord taught us.

There is another very important feature of our text—*the golden pot*—which must not be forgotten. It, too, symbolizes much. Nothing but a *golden* vessel is considered good enough to contain the manna which is to be preserved for the benefit of future generations. Gold is both precious and